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17  
LETTERS

SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN WRITTEN

BY

YORICK and ELIZA.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

12 Ga

— That sacred sense of woe,  
Which none but friends and lovers know.

AKENSIDE.

L O N D O N,

Printed for J. BEW, in Pater-Noster-Row.

MDCC LXXIX.

22

LETTER

RECEIVED BY THE POST OFFICE

BY

YORK AND LONDON





**P R E F A C E.**

**OF THE**

**E D I T O R.**

**I** Do not aim at imposing on the world. And though the readers of these volumes would, perhaps, very soon discover that their contents are not genuine,—yet I think it necessary to premise, as the assumed title is, in some measure, borrowed from a collection of letters truly original, that these are but imitations, written, as the author himself declares, for the purpose of

**VOL. I.**

**B**

**private**

ii EDITOR'S PREFACE.

private amusement.—There, indeed, he wished to have determined their lot, and to have hid them from every eye but that of Friendship: but I had no sooner read them than I proposed, and have since frequently continued to propose, their publication. This proposition he so often and so obstinately refused, that I had given up all expectation of securing, in my opinion, an elegant and improving amusement to the world. At length a small volume, with the title of *Letters by the late Mr. Sterne*, was published in London, the originality of which was most positively asserted by the Editor in his Preface, and, if I recollect aright, passed current, and not without

## EDITOR'S PREFACE. iii

without applause, with the gentlemen who conduct the Reviews.—Of these Letters, the *fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh, eighth, ninth, and tenth*, were, I well knew, the offspring of that pen which wrote the contents of the following volumes.—They were written by way of experiment, and made their first appearance in a provincial newspaper; and passing on thro' the common channel of Magazines, Chronicles, Evening-Posts, Journals, &c. &c. &c. were collected together, and, being blended with a few of Mr. Sterne's genuine compositions, were published, with a solemn declaration in the preface, that they were all faithful transcripts of original letters in the possession of the Editor:

iv EDITOR'S PREFACE.

—nay, I perceived, to my very great astonishment, that one of them had even found its way into Mrs. *Medalle's* late publication of her father's posthumous works.

This little volume I delivered to my friend; pointed out to him how much he was concerned in it; and, at the same time, observed, that, as he had given a copy of the following Letters to a favoured person, who might, possibly, have entrusted them to several other favoured persons, I should not be surprized, if they, also, were soon to make their appearance in public with similar declarations of their authenticity.—He immediately went to his closet, and reaching  
from



## EDITOR'S PREFACE.

from the shelf two thin folio paper-books, in marble covers, "There, said he to me, take them;—they are now yours, and consigned to your disposal." I received the manuscripts with the highest satisfaction; and as soon as the engagements of a country life would permit a journey to the capital, which, indeed, has been much later than I wished or expected, I have committed them to the press.

—I have not taken the liberty of making the least alteration, but have delivered them to the world in the same state in which they were delivered to me.

The partiality of Friendship may possibly lead me to an higher praise



vi EDITOR'S PREFACE.

of this little work than it deserves. — Indeed, I cannot but own that a successive perusal of these Letters has encreased the pleasure they at first afforded me; and I give them to the Public with an expectation that there will be found many to whom they will administer an equal satisfaction.

As to their imitative merits, I shall say but little;—tho' I believe there will be few who, on reading them, will not be sometimes put in mind of the style and manner of the late Mr. *Sterne's* writings.—With respect to myself, amid the many *Shandean strokes* which I fancied, at least, that I felt in the perusal of these Letters,

## EDITOR'S PREFACE. vii

Letters, I often thought, perhaps too partially, that I discovered knots of flowers which seemed to have been planted by the tender and fanciful Rousseau.—But mere imitations of style and manner are of little value, unless they heighten those sentiments, and enforce those instructions, which soften and improve the heart.

That these Letters are well calculated to produce such beneficial effects is the real belief, and that they may produce them is the sincere desire, of

THE EDITOR.

IN REPLY TO THE

which is the only one of its kind in the world, and is the only one of its kind in the world.

[illegible]

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

ADDRESS

OF THE

AUTHOR to the READER.

**W**HOEVER thou art that  
mayest, perchance, pe-  
ruse these Letters, it may be pro-  
per to inform thee that they were  
written for the purpose of pri-  
vate amusement, and as a relaxa-  
tion from more serious employ-  
ments,

## ADDRESS OF

ments. And as, I hope, thou art a person of virtue and good manners, it is not improbable that thou wilt be offended even at the idea of these epistles being written by married persons, who, from the nature of those claims to which they are subject from their own respective connections, are guilty of no small crime in transferring an affection, already bestowed with the most solemn assurances of fidelity, and looking for a return of the same nature, equally unjustifiable. But do not, therefore, be afraid to read the Letters throughout: and if, when thou



THE AUTHOR. xi

thou hast read them, thou shouldest not find any alteration in thy sentiments, I must beg leave to inform thee, that, as the subject was not my own, I was under the necessity of taking it up in the state I found it; and when I undertook to continue the Letters between YORICK and ELIZA, it was absolutely necessary for me, in order to preserve some appearance of originality, to fall in with the circumstances which governed this singular, though sincere attachment between them.

I have

## III ADDRESS OF

I have such an high opinion of the honour, the chastity, and the delights of a married life, as to believe that, where there is a sincere and mutual affection, it is the heaven of this world; and I possess an equal degree of certainty, that such a correspondence, as I have supposed, betrays a very great deficiency of matrimonial happiness in the parties who compose it. But though these Letters, from the characters of their imaginary writers, may appear, at times, to glow with an unbecoming warmth, they do not, I trust, contain

THE AUTHOR. xiii

contain the least impropriety of sentiment; and I should think that the last Letter will, in some measure, reconcile thee, however scrupulous thou mayest be, to the correspondence. However, if, after all, the idea of YORICK and ELIZA should still be offensive to thee, change their names, with their supposed situation and character, and only retain the sentiments. Then, I trust, thou wilt find nothing in the following pages, but what two pure and faithful spirits may breathe towards each other, who love in spite of fortune.

The AUTHOR.

THE AUTHOR

consider the fact in regard to  
the present, and I should think  
that the best I could will be done  
meaning to say that I have  
looked at the book and find it to  
be a very good one. I have  
it at the end of the list of books  
and I think it should not be  
the to be changed the names  
with the old names and  
characters, and only retain the  
testimony. I have found nothing  
withholding nothing in the following  
appears, but what two names and  
I think it is a very good one  
and I think it is a very good one  
and I think it is a very good one  
The AUTHOR



# LETTERS

FROM

YORICK to ELIZA

**T**HE winds prove again unfavourable, and the papers inform me that you are returned to the Downs.—With a mind agitated like



like the waves whereon your ship  
rides impatient, I write to you once  
more ; but this shall be my last. I  
can no longer bear this torturing  
slavery of suspense : my nerves are  
shattered in the conflict : I will,  
therefore, suppose you at the instant  
of departure, and that I am saying  
Adieu for the last time. The task  
has wrung my heart with anguish  
thrice already, but it shall wring it  
no more. The moment I have dis-  
patched this letter, I shall hasten  
into the country, where I shall not  
see a single newspaper, or make one  
enquiry concerning thee, till I am  
certain that the immense ocean is  
between us.

O Heaven!

O Heaven, thy decrees are just !  
 ---but when I look to the chair on  
 my right hand, and do not see Eliza  
 sitting thereon,---nay, when I consi-  
 der that she is surrounded by the  
 dangers of a faithless element, with  
 her face towards a far, far distant  
 country, and that she may never sit  
 beside me more,---while I acknow-  
 ledge thy justice, I become an ob-  
 ject of thy mercy.

It would save us, my dearest girl,  
 a world of pain if I stopped here :  
 it would save us a flood of tears also,  
 for mine are now pacing down my  
 cheeks, and blot the letters, as thou  
 seest, while my trembling fingers  
 give them their imperfect form :---

But let them remain as they are.  
 When thine eyes, my Eliza, meet  
 this page, they will flow also; and it  
 will be wet with the sorrows of thy  
 faithful heart.—I know not how it is,  
 but a kind of melancholy apprehen-  
 sion has seized my spirits, which whis-  
 pers to me that I shall never see thee  
 again.—Life is uncertain to the  
 most robust constitution; and thine  
 is weak, and tender, and delicate.  
 The burning suns of India will  
 parch thy poor frame to dust: the  
 sparkling fluid of thine eyes will be  
 dried up; and thou wilt scarce be  
 able to raise thy languid arm to  
 thine heart, as the sign of affection,  
 when thou biddest some faithful  
 spirit bear thy last farewell to me.

Thou

Thou art, surely, the sweetest sacrifice that was ever offered up to inflexible Duty! Thou liest, poor, bleeding victim! on the altar, and thy friend cannot untie the cords that bind and keep thee captive there.—Oh! that I could take thee to some mild and genial climate; there cherish thy health; and, in thy sick hours, sit whole nights watching on thy bed beside thee!—Amid the fading beauties of the evening sun, we would wander near some gentle stream; and, when we had lost ourselves in the valley, thou shouldest make the Echoes wonder at the delicious warblings of thy enchanting voice.—Oh, my Eliza! what a bright vision of delight is

passed away! The separation, I had almost said the eternal separation, is made between us,--and I shall be desolate.

With such an heart as thou hast, you cannot wonder that I thus linger in saying Farewel, when it may be a farewell for ever. These are awful words, my dear Eliza, either to write or speak; but the sentiment they convey to me is real misery and anguish of spirit.—My bosom bleeds at this moment.—Thou best of women, Adieu!—May the God of Peace speak peace temporal and eternal to thy bosom! May it never more heave with sorrow; but delight,



light, and joy, and comfort, take up  
their habitation therein!

Forgive me, I beseech thee, if I  
urge the melancholy tale too far.—  
Yes, I see thee weep, thou good and  
grateful girl!—Oh, may those tears  
be the last thou wilt ever shed, till  
some tongue shall tell thee, He is  
no more! He is gone down to the  
gates of death!—Then shalt thou  
weep again! and, from thencefor-  
wards may the fountain of thy tears  
be dried up for ever!

To the great Author of my life  
it is only known; but I have a  
strange pre-sentiment that it will not  
be long ere my heart, which now

throbs with anguish, will be cold;  
 and throb no more; and the hand  
 which now obeys its tender impulse  
 will be mouldered into dust.—My  
 last looks, Eliza, will be to thee;  
 and my trembling tongue will faint-  
 ly murmur thy name, till it is bound  
 fast in eternal silence!

All-gracious Power!—who dost  
 govern the world with unerring wis-  
 dom,—if, in thy decrees, this painful  
 separation is judged to be best for  
 us,—it must be so!—but, surely, the  
 ties that bind our hearts together  
 pierce through time to another  
 world!—In thy mercy grant that  
 they may be made perfect there!

Resting

Resting then, my dearest Eliza, on this hope, let us catch every transient ray of comfort that may beam from thence to warm and illuminate our hearts. Let the purity of our affections, the constancy of our love, and even our mutual sorrows, beget comfort to our souls!

Thy picture, which thou didst tie about my neck with thine own hands, and will go down to my grave with me, shall be a talisman to preserve my heart from turning a momentary regard to any object but thyself. Thou art the queen of it! Thy triumphs crown, and thy virtues adorn it.—That I speak truth, when I tell thee of my most pure

and sincere love for thee, I call that just Being to witness, to whom I stand accountable for every sentiment in this and every other letter which I have written, or may hereafter write, to thee; and who will one day judge me for them.

As I began, so I must conclude:  
 —These blots tell the sad tale of my heart!—Accept, then, my kind and most affectionate adieu!—In this or a better world we shall meet again.  
 ---But, while I write my letter, the wind, perhaps, favours your departure, and you will not receive it.---  
 Hark!—I hear the shouts of the seamen!—the sails are unfurled!—the winds bear thee rapidly away!—I stand

stand upon the beach---I view thy  
 flying vessel, and catch the last faint  
 image of it!--Alas, it is now lost!  
 ---My eyes no longer behold it!--  
 ---In vain I wave my handkerchief  
 to thee: a wide waste of waters sur-  
 rounds thee, and thou canst not see  
 it.---The immense, the trackless  
 ocean divides us from each other.---  
 Fare thee well, then, my dear Eliza!  
 ---Receive the sad adieu, and cherish  
 in thy remembrance the fond affec-  
 tion of thy

Y O R I C K.

P.S. Although I have said fare-  
 wel to thee once for all, Eliza, if ad-  
 verse winds should prolong thy stay  
 in the Downs, do not follow my  
 example, but continue to write thy  
 adieus



adieux to me, by any and every opportunity, to the last. I shall receive and bless them, on my return to town. And even on thy voyage, Eliza, why shouldest thou not be continually writing to thy Yorick, as he will be to thee? So that you may always have some intelligence of yourself ready to send me, if you should meet with any ship bound for England. Then, tell thy Captain that thou dost ardently desire to send some account of thyself to thy best friend, and he will instantly slacken his sails, that thy wish may be accomplished: and when thou dost return thy acknowledgements for his kindness towards thee, the blessings of thy Yorick shall go along with them.

YORICK

## YORICK to ELIZA.

*Saturday Evening.*

AS I did not find any tidings of thee, my Eliza, on my arrival in town this morning, I conclude that my last letter did not reach thee,—or, at least, you had not any opportunity of sending me an answer.—Indeed, to tell thee the truth, I almost wish that it may have been too late, —and be now sleeping in the post-office at Deal. —I was under a load of melancholy apprehensions when I wrote it,—and it would have told thee so;—for this poor thin-spun frame of mine, buffeted withal as

it

it has been of late, cannot have much time in store: and so fully am I convinced of this being the case, that I cannot, in my most fanciful moments, delude myself into an expectation that I shall live to hail thy return. Even the eye of Hope grows dim when I turn it towards the prospect of passing any part of my remaining life with thee. — Such ideas as these, with many other melancholy forebodings, broke in so powerfully upon my resolution, that, though I endeavoured, with all my might, to rally back my scattered spirits, and to write chearfully to thee,—it was in vain:—and the mournful pages of my letter, if thou hast received it, have already told

told thee that my philosophy suffered  
 a total defeat.—Sorrow triumphed  
 over thy Yorick!—It erected its  
 standard in his very heart!—in thy  
 heart, Eliza;—for it is thine,—and  
 so it will remain till its pulses *beat*  
*no more!*

By this time, I hope, thy sickness  
 has abated,—that the lustre ceases  
 to languish in thine eye, and the  
 paleness to sit upon thy cheek!—  
 My prayers are continual for thee,  
 my child!—In my morning hymn  
 thou art remembered,—and in my  
 evening sacrifice thou art not for-  
 gotten.

I mean to be continually writing  
 a jour-

a journal of my heart, and snatch all opportunities of sending it to thee. It is but right that thou shouldest be informed concerning what is so much thine own property.—I am but the steward of it, and consider myself as accountable to its mistress for every thing which passes therein.—Its thoughts, ---its wishes,---its designs,---its caprices,---its virtues,---nay, its weaknesses, are all thine, and thou shalt receive a faithful account of them. —This I will perform with the most sacred fidelity, as I have already promised, “ *till thou wavest thine hand, and biddest me write no more.*”

Good



Good night, Eliza!—May thy pillow be soft as thy heart, and thy dreams as the visions of a good spirit!

*Monday-night, 11 o'Clock.*

I GIVE the garish day to the world!—I reserve the night for my Eliza;—and, in the silence of it, my spirit communes with hers!—I passed the whole of yesterday with thy friends and thy Yorick's friends, the \* \*.—They love thee most sincerely,—and could talk of nothing but thee.—No other subject broke in, even for a moment, on the favourite theme of us all:—and when we  
did

did not speak of thee and of thy virtues,——we were silent.

—At the close of the evening we had been in this situation for some time, when, I know not how, an involuntary tender ejaculation escaped me:—it was, ——“Poor, dear Eliza!”—-and soon after, turning my eyes to Mrs. \*, who was sitting on the sofa beside me, I beheld her face bathed in tears:—I therefore took a white handkerchief out of my pocket, and, as they flowed in streams down her pale cheek, I wiped them away.——It was an office in which every fine affection, every tender feeling, every delicious sentiment, was awake.—I could have worshipped

worshipped her!—and if it were possible for me to love her better than I do already, I most assuredly should for this last sweet instance of her love to thee.—This little story, my Eliza, is not for the many; they would not feel or understand it:—but for the few, the very few,—such as thou art!

What shoals there are of dull heads and cold hearts in the world! —But with all their proverbs and their prudence, I bless Heaven, upon my knees, ten times a day, that I am not of the number.—Then should I not have known thee, or, which is the same thing, I should not have been sensible of thy unparalleled ex-

VOL. I.

D

cellence,—

excellence,—the contemplation whereof fills me with delight, and opens every generous vessel of my heart to receive the gentle and friendly virtues.

But, while I am writing, it rains a deluge, and the winds blow an hurricane.—Mayest thou be far beyond the reach of them!—Heaven preserve thee, my child, from the storms of the sea, and the storms of life;—and make the elements to which thou art now exposed, gentle as thine own nature!

Good night!—I kiss thy hand, Eliza!—and if there should be a tear upon thy cheek, I kiss it away!  
 —Fare

—Fare thee well!—I go to my repose, with my best prayers to Heaven for thine.

*Wednesday Evening, 8 o'Clock.*

THRICE did I this morning dip my pen into my ink-horn, with the intention of proceeding in my journal; and thrice did I wipe it dry again, and return it to its place.—My spirits were not in unison with thine.—I had been in the world, and caught the infection of it.—It was strange, surely, very strange; and I was out of humour with myself, that I should sit down to converse with one of the best beings in the world, in a frame of



mind which had been produced by  
 conversing with some of the worst.  
 —I had breakfasted at a coffee-  
 house, among pert, ignorant ensigns,  
 and grey-haired letchers;—and from  
 thence I returned to my lodgings, to  
 sit down and write to thee.—I do  
 not wonder that when I invoked thy  
 spirit, it would not hear me;—and I  
 most heartily ask thy grace and par-  
 don for attempting to do it in a  
 state of mind so ill-suited to the best  
 task of my life.—You will say,  
 perhaps, What business had I in such  
 company?—The question, it must  
 be acknowledged, is very just; and  
 I will answer it by telling thee that  
 I had business there!—Besides, a sen-  
 timental philosopher, like myself, has  
 business everywhere;—and an occa-  
 sional

sional engagement in such societies as these, or even worse, though they may banish sentiment for a short time, will, in some cool hour, be the very means of calling it forth to the most excellent purposes. — Remember this observation, indubitably founded in truth,—that, if you hate the vicious,—their conversation cannot harm you!

Do thy shipmates, Eliza, answer the expectation thou hadst formed of them?—I trust and hope that your good-nature and benevolence, whereof I cannot say too much, did not get the better of your discernment in the account your letter gave me of them. — By the bye, my

dearest girl ! I am almost disposed to be jealous of the young Son of Battle who accompanies thee. — Not, believe me, that I want confidence in thee, or have any fears for thy discretion, or doubts of thy sincerity ; but I am really apprehensive that he will fall violently in love with thee. — To speak my mind, I think it almost impossible to be otherwise. — In the same ship with Eliza for six whole months together ! — Oh ! he must be a savage indeed, — and possess a most depraved spirit, if thy charms do not melt him to the tender passion. — And tho', I think, nay, am confident, that I have as few narrow sentiments or sordid prejudices about me as most people, —

people,—yet, with regard to thee,  
 I feel a disposition to monopoly,  
 which nothing but thy matchless and  
 invaluable self can justify.—Tho'  
 I would have all the world honour,  
 respect, nay, admire thee,—yet I  
 alone, if possible, would be per-  
 mitted to love thee.—They might  
 see the diamond at a distance, and  
 be charmed with its brilliance, but  
 I alone would wear it at my heart.  
 —I desire and beseech thee to  
 tell me if he has made love to thee.  
 —This I have a right to claim of  
 my Eliza, in return for the right  
 which I have given her, of claiming  
 any-thing and every-thing of me.—  
 I hope the piano-forte keeps in tune,  
 or, at least, with the directions I

gave thee, that thou art able to tune it thyself.—May it oftentimes, with its soft notes, turn thine ear from the dashing of the billows!

With the friendly society which, I flatter myself, you now possess,—the little amusements with which thy cabin is furnished, the letters of thy Yorick, and the frequent reflection how much he loves thee,—thy heart may now begin to sit lighter in thy bosom.—May no sorrow ever weigh it down again!—and may the end of thy voyage prove the end of thy afflictions!

This is the votive offering which thy Yorick will breathe from his pillow



low to the Creator and Preserver of all Things!—To his kind care and protection I recommend thee, with my Lydia---and with myself.

*Thursday Morning, 11 o'Clock,  
at Breakfast.*

I HAVE, within this half-hour, received a note from Mr. ———, informing me, that, if I will make up my packet for the Madeiras, and let him have it on Sunday, he will take care and forward it to my Eliza.—It is not to be expressed what a kind, complacent joy has taken possession of me on account of this intelligence. This is the only pleasant breakfast I have made since thy departure;

parture ; for full bitter have been my meals, and oftentimes has my bread been watered with my tears for thy sake.—This paper will soon be in thy hands :---Oh, that I could accompany it to thee ! for, believe me, my dear girl, if the sea were out of the question, the distance would be nothing ; and I would take my chariot of iron, and put horsemen therein, and make the wheels of it to roll rapidly towards thee.

Whenever thou writest, tell me the real state of thy mind, and of thyself : hide nothing from me : no event that concerns thee can be too minute for one who interests himself in thy welfare so much and so sincerely

cerely as I do. If thou art unhappy, tell me so, that I may console and weep over thee, and direct thy thoughts to that state where all tears will be wiped from off thy cheeks for ever. If thou dost enjoy comfort, tell me of the blessing, that I may thank Heaven for having heard my prayers.—Misery does ill to address itself to the generality of mankind, an inhospitable race, unless it can administer flattery to some favourite and darling passion. But there is an eternal Friend who will stoop to its complaints, and oftentimes raise up earthly ones to execute the designs of mercy: and I trust, my dearest Eliza! that I am such with respect to thee; and that  
a wife,

a wise, over-ruling, benignant Providence did not bind me to thee by such pure and sacred ties, but with some design to our mutual advantage.

I write to you as I wish you would write to me, — from the heart. Varnish nothing; disguise nothing. Do not study arrangement or order, but whatever sentiment, opinion, or event floats upon the mind, commit it to your paper, — as I do. Letters written in this manner, with all their inaccuracies, are as superior to the studied and even admired productions I have seen and read, as a meand'ring river to a Dutch canal.

The

The language of the head, like the wisdom of the head, is useful, and may be necessary in the mechanical drudgeries of life; but in the tender communications and reciprocal embassies of love and friendship,—between Yorick and his Eliza,—all, all, believe me, is leather and prunella, but the language of the heart, and the wisdom of the heart!

In writing of the heart, it this moment occurs to me to inform thee of a little design which I meditate towards thine.---My picture, though a good likeness, does not quite satisfy me: and I should wish, since, by the will of Heaven, you are thus separated



parated from me, and may be so for ever, that the best possible representation of your Friend and Bramin might be continually with you.—I am resolved, therefore, to have a few casts in plaister of Paris from the marble busto of me done by the celebrated *Nollkens* when I was at Rome; a couple of which I will order to be well glazed in imitation of marble, and send them to thee in the East.—The original one I intend to bequeath to Mr. ——— when I die, that he may perform the kind, melancholy office of placing it on my tomb.—The likeness, you know, is very exact; and what with the picture and the busto, thy penetrating eye may, at any time, catch the most perfect

perfect resemblance of me, and continually enliven that image which I believe to be in thy heart.

I am the more particular in this little commission I have given myself, because I have oftentimes found it impossible to recal to my memory an exact personal representation of those whom I have known longest, and loved best: nay, I have found the assistance even of well-taken portraits ineffectual; so that a fruitless attempt to recal a particular image has sometimes employed me till I have been quite low-spirited.—How it is with others in this respect, I know not; and I am equally ignorant how it may be with thee:—but  
be

be that as it may, I am resolved, you see, my dear Eliza, to provide against it, by giving you every means of assisting your recollection, if it should possess the weakness of mine.—But this declaration tells me that self-love has more to do in this little arrangement than I was at first aware of.—Be it so! I am not ashamed of,—nay, I applaud the principle, when it looks to such an heavenly object as yourself.—At all events, however, I believe, and am certain, that the present will be truly acceptable to thee;—and sure I am, that, if God spares my life, I shall receive a thousand of thy grateful thanks for it.—But I will acknowledge—and what reason is there in nature

nature why I should not—that I shall, most assuredly, add an harmless inch or two of importance to myself from this pleasing business. At this moment I anticipate the tender satisfaction I shall feel in packing the bustos for their voyage, and---as I shake the last whisp of hay into the case that contains them ---in bidding them bear my most kind and affectionate greetings to Eliza.

They are already arrived!—and I see thee, with a gentle hand, and a most lovely impatience, assist in forcing open the case wherein thy Yorick placed them.—Thy anxious fears are removed;—they have not received the least injury, and are car-

fied immediately, by thy order, into thine own closet.—Agitated by a thousand tender sentiments, and with tears in thine eyes, I see thee enter to them, and, having locked the door upon thyself and them, I behold thee, with thy silk handkerchief, wipe the dust from off their faces; and, having gazed tenderly upon them for a few moments, and pressed a chaste kiss upon both their foreheads, thy gentle nature can hold but no longer---and thy tears gush forth in streams from their sacred fountains. — Thy Bramin, my dearest Eliza! receives thy tears as the grateful tribute of affection---He mingles his own with them!

*Friday*



*Friday Night, 10 o'Clock.*

I HAVE been racking my invention this whole day for something to send thee, which may add to the stock of thy little pleasures and satisfactions during thy voyage.--- Books you have already, sufficient for every purpose of profit or amusement.--- Indeed, beyond a certain number of select authors, books become a real burthen. I should except those who are employed in the trade of reading; for they, poor souls! must have their tools to work withal.

A great book, says the Greek Philosopher, is a great evil.--- You may laugh, and tell me you suppose I

think so, and wish the world to be of the same opinion, as I have formed my own works into such small volumes, that a man of a moderate dispatch in reading may get rid of half a dozen of them in a morning. I tell thee, hussy, that every writer should have some regard to the eyes and convenience of his reader, and not give him a book which is so large that he cannot move it out of his study, and has a print so small, that he may repent of having read it, with tears in his eyes, as long as he lives.

I have myself met with some of these merciless authors, or more merciless printers; for the fault is more

more generally in the latter than the former, who, under a pretence of giving what they call a good penny-worth, have occasioned my eyes so much pain in the perusal of their diminutive types, that I have wished all their publications, without reserve, were bundled together with Rabelais' Decretals of the Church, and, being used in the same necessary business, might produce the same unpleasant effects.---What they were, unless you have read Rabelais' works, which I believe is not the case, you cannot tell;---nor does it signify.---You need not think about it; for, if you were to guess an hour every day during your whole voyage, it would be of little con-

sequence : and if I were really to tell you, though there is no harm in it, and your physician says worse things to you every time you see him,---and tho' I am your friend, and ought to have more privileges, in every respect, than one who is paid by you for an occasional attendance,---yet I well know that you would, half smiling at the same time, cry out, " Tristram ! Tristram ! I fear you are going to be naughty ;" and so on.—Thus I become silent, and your curiosity is————I will not say what, but return to my subject,---from whence, indeed, I have contrived to stray so far, that, by your leave, I must look back a few lines to see what it is like——O! —I have it !

Besides,

—Besides, though my books are small, I mean that their contents should be extensive.—I did not write merely to be read,---but to be studied. Every page requires study, ---and the reader who does them and me justice, will not get through the smallest of the volumes so soon as its external appearance may lead him to imagine.—It is not the number of leaves or words which constitute the real bulk of the volume,---but the matter it contains; and there may be many a book which a man might carry in his breeches---what the deuce am I writing?---in his waistcoat pocket, or a lady in her work-bag, which, when measured by this just rule of dimension, would be



found of a much larger size than many a cumbrous folio which sleeps ---and may all such for ever sleep---on the shelf of some college library!

—And further,---if I do not deceive myself,---and my writings convey those sentiments and feelings which I mean they should,---the reader will not be sorry that the volume which contains them is of so small dimension as to be put in his pocket and not burthen his sober walk.

To tell thee the truth, Eliza, I wrote for the wise, and not for fools: ---and, when I am dead and gone, the petty petulance of snappish snarling

ing critics will be over, and my books will have justice done them by men whose applause will honour them, and make the bay-tree flourish over my grave.

—So much for Tristram Shandy!  
—and now for thee, my dearest Eliza!—the fairest volume of nature's works!—I, who read so many of them, declare thy superior excellence.  
—There is not a page of thee which, when I repeat it, does not make me better.—How much I am indebted to thee!—Indeed, I cannot tell how much; nor how inadequate my expressions are to what I think of and feel towards thee, thou most charming and gracious of thy sex!

I have

I have been dining to day where you were the subject of some hours conversation.—People who used to be entertained by me, now find me dull upon every other, and, therefore, start it for their own sakes.—Touch this string, and I am instantly awake to every delicious sensation. —There is a magical power in thy name which is irresistible:---at least I find it so;---and long, very long, may it continue! for when this charm loses its influence over me, I shall begin to entertain very despicable notions of myself; and self-contempt is the last finishing of human depravity. — Not one of the company with whom I passed this afternoon were so happy as to know thee;---

thee ;---and now there is not one of them but is unhappy because he did not know thee. —I talked and chaunted of my goddesses for two hours together ; and should have continued the pleasing strain, had not an impertinent hoarseness taken possession of my speech, and made me silent :--- for thy praises, which no trumpet could speak too loud, were not to be rendered imperfect by my whisperings. But do not, my dear, imagine I beseech you, or have any the least apprehensions that I profane your name by a common and promiscuous use of it. — Trust, trust thy Yorick in this and every-thing which concerns thee. — You know that I am not unacquainted with  
the

the human character, and can judge tolerably well of mankind:---rest, therefore, assured that I will never suffer thy name to glide from my lips into any ear that I do not believe, nay, know to be the avenue to a good heart; and, in such a sanctuary, whenever and wherever I may find it, I will at all times deposit thy virtues.

There are few women I ever mention thy name to!---And when the generality of them, which is often the case, mention thy name to me, I always answer with that kind of civility which precludes all further enquiry.---I must tell my Eliza, though it is but a melancholy truth,  
that



that she is not to be trusted with her own sex:---for, I fear, it sometimes happens that they who do not possess exalted virtues themselves, are disposed to envy them in others, and indulge their jealous spirits in very low, dishonourable, and pernicious gratifications.—Though the Graces and many of the Virtues are represented, by the poets, under forms of Women,---so are also the Furies, and many of the Vices.—Thou art a bright emblem of all the former!---and should I swerve from truth, think you, if I was to hint that there are those of your sex who would, to the life, represent the latter?—I have reason to think thou hast had a woeful experience, which would  
make

make thee sigh, and answer,—

No!—No!

May thy good angel preserve thee from all false friends and secret enemies;—and may that tongue be blistered which joins dishonour to Eliza's name!—Nay, thou poor, persecuted damsel, be not afraid!—I will furbish up my armour,—and sharpen my spear,—and brighten my target,—and put a new vizor to my helmet, and be thy knight,—and sally forth, my fairer Dulcinea, in defence of thy injured virtue,—fearless of the most furious monsters or monsters who may attack me.—That must be a brave foe indeed who dares me to the combat!—Conquer

quer he cannot ; — for God will weaken the arm that aims another dart at bleeding innocence.—Those wounds, which you have already-received, have, I hope, well nigh lost their anguish. — If not, let thy Yorick pour the pure oil of love and friendship into them : — it will give thee ease, and, perhaps, close them up : — and when thou doest, sometimes, view the scars which they leave behind — think not of their malice who gave the wounds, — but of that loving-kindness which healed them for ever. — Adieu ! — The clock, which stands before me on the table, tells me that it draws near to the twelfth hour. — At the midnight watch, Eliza, — I think on thee !

*Saturday Morning, 10 o'Clock.*

—I'll tell thee a story, my dear girl!—and I do it the more readily, because I think it will give thee comfort, and help to create a good opinion in you of that order of men of whom you now see so much—I mean the seamen.—This I wish you to entertain; for there is not anything which will be found to add so much to the comfort and the honour too of life, as the possessing favourable sentiments of those with whom we are to pass the time of it.—They beget kindly dispositions; and from them spring mutual good offices,—and with these life passes on

on gladly and profitably,—and as it ought to do.—Oh, that I could pass mine, Eliza, in thy presence,—then would my heart rejoice!—Without thee I may,—nay, I will be resigned,—for it is my duty; tho' I am afraid that I shall not be quite contented.

—But to the story!—\*

—A few mornings ago,—I remember it was a rainy one,—as I was

\* This story has already appeared in a little local work, called the *Philosopher in Bristol*;—but although it may be found there,—yet, as it was originally written for these volumes, it stands in its proper place.—This acknowledgment, it is presumed, will, in the opinion of the candid reader, save the Editor from the imputation of purposely making any-one pay twice for the same thing.

VOL. I.

F

passing



passing hastily through one of the narrow streets in Westminster, I was very much struck with a melancholy figure of a blind man, who was singing a song of love.—Misery could not have found, among the number of distressed mortals, a form more suited to her nature.

While I was contemplating the wretchedness of the object, and comparing it with the strain which necessity compelled him to chaunt;—a sailor, who came whistling along the street, with a stick under his arm, stopped and purchased a ballad.—God preserve you, whoever you are! said the blind man; for I have not tasted bread this blessed day:—when the sailor, looking round him,

on

on a sudden sprung up four steps into a baker's shop near which he stood,—and, returning immediately, thrust a small loaf, silently, into the poor man's hand,—and went off whistling as he came.

I was so affected with this truly noble act of generosity, that I called the honest seaman back to me,—and taking the little silver I had about me, which, I think, was but four shillings,—Thy nobleness of soul, said I, and the goodness of thy heart, my lad, which I have just seen so bright an instance of, makes me sorry that I cannot reward thee as thou dost deserve.—However, I must beg your acceptance of this trifle, as a

small testimony how much I admire thy generous nature.—God bless your noble honour, said the sailor, and thank you!—but we will divide the prize money fairly;—so, stepping back to the blind man, he gave him half of it,—and, clapping him on the shoulder at the same time, he added withal,—There are two shillings for thee, my blind Cupid, for which you are not obliged to me, but to a noble gentleman who stands within five yards of you:—so get into harbour and make thyself warm, —and keep thy humstrum for fair weather.—Then giving his hat a quick wave over his head, — he thanked me again, and went nimbly down the street.

—I shall

—I shall not, my Eliza, make any observations upon this little story,---but leave thy excellent heart to make them for itself.——I trust, however, that, when thou seest any of thine own seamen,---thou will think of mine ;---and, as often as thou mayest reflect upon this deed of generosity, —I desire that you will think it can only be equalled by the kind affection of

Thy YORICK.

*In the Afternoon.*

—WHY should I let any quarter of an hour pass by me,---I mean a sentimental one,---without adding

F 3 to

to my journal, more especially as it must so soon be dispatched to thee? — Besides, I am always the better for the employment. — Indeed, I seldom or never think of thee, Eliza, but it is with a complacency of spirit which kindles the finest, gentlest feelings of the heart:—and I never experience a greater luxury of sentiment than when I am calling thee to my remembrance!—and when I have thus brought thee before me, I kneel down,---and count over thy virtues with more devotion than a Carthusian does his beads;—and at every one of them I offer a petition to Heaven, that they may be continued to thee, with all thy charms and graces, 'till you join the spirits of your fathers.



—When I am at Coxwold in the summer,—what a sweet companion will thy idea be unto me; and what new pleasures will it afford me when I go and visit my nuns!—I give this title to an afternoon pilgrimage I frequently make to the ruins of a Benedictine monastery, about a mile and an half from my cottage.

These remains are situated on the banks of a clear, gliding stream; on the opposite side whereof rises a bold ridge of hills, thick with wood, ---and finely varied by jutting rocks and broken precipices;—and these are so very abrupt, that they not only by their magnitude, but by the shade they cast, encrease the solemnity

nity of the place.---Many parts of the ruin are still entire; the refectory is almost perfect, and great part of the chapel has hitherto defied the power of time.----A few bunches of alders grow fantastically among the broken columns, and contrast, with their verdure, the dark green ivy which clings to the walls. ---But it is not all solitude and silence!—A few cottages are scattered here and there in the suburbs of this venerable pile, which has, I suppose, furnished the materials for erecting them.

To this place, after my coffee, unless prevented by inclement skies, I guide my daily steps.—The path-  
way

way leads, by a gentle descent, thro' many beautiful enclosures and embowering thickets,—which gradually prepare the mind for the deep impressions which this solemn place never fails to make on mine.—

There I rest against a pillar till some affecting sentiment brings tears upon my cheek : — sometimes I sit me down upon a stone, and pluck up the weeds that grow about it : — then, perhaps, I lean over a neighbouring gate, and watch the gliding brook before me, and listen awhile to its gentle murmurs ; — they are oftentimes in unison with my feelings.—

Here it is that I catch those *sombre* tints of sentiment which I sometimes give to the world, — to humanize and  
rob

rob it of its spleen.—Here it is, Eliza, that, reflecting on what is most excellent in nature,—I shall sigh for thee!

—If Heaven, my child, would be so gracious to me as to guide thy feet to my habitation,—thou shouldest accompany me to these my solitary haunts.—I would introduce thee to every embowered arch, and every rugged stone;—and not a single shrub, which shelters itself from the blast within these venerable walls, but should be thy acquaintance, as it has been mine.—Here you would always see me in my real character, which, you know, is a grave one; though few people will believe me when

when I tell them so.---Alas, Eliza !  
 ten times a day do I lament my  
 weakness, which suffers me to be so  
 led away by my spirits and my folly  
 as to give them cause to doubt my  
 assertion.---I think, my dear, I will  
 take thy advice,---be content with  
 the thousands of fools I have made  
 laugh,---close my accounts on that  
 score,---live less to the world, I mean  
 to the asses of it,---and more to my-  
 self.---Sometimes I have had a  
 thought of putting up my hobby-  
 horse and cap with bells to public  
 auction,---and I doubt not but some  
 one would be found among the herd  
 of wealthy fools, who, like the silly  
 purchaser of Epictetus's lamp, would  
 give more for them than they are  
 worth



worth an hundred times told.—

Indeed, these baubles have been a mine of gold to me;—but their real intrinsic value is so small, that I am almost ashamed of myself for having passed them for sterling currency.

I am not quite clear whether this thought owes its birth to the suggestions of my own vanity, or the disgust I have to the herd of money-getting and money-spending fools.—I always despised them;—but I never do it so thoroughly, and so much from the bottom of my heart, as when I have been conversing with my nuns, and learned from them, that all the bustle of ambition, the pursuit of fame, and the desire of  
riches,

riches, are but vanity, and, what is worse, vexation of spirit :---that the only laudable source of pride is the little good we can do to one another ;---that to love our neighbour, to fear our God, and be resigned to his dispensations, form the best security against the calamities of life, and will alone enable us to pass with comfort, thro' the valley of death, to a better and eternal world.

May we, my Eliza, meet together there!

Amen, and Adieu.

*Sunday Morning.*

AS I am to deliver my packet to Mr.            this evening, I mean  
to

to pass the whole of the day in enlarging and compleating it.---I have just read all that it hitherto contains, and am satisfied it will give thee pleasure; and, what is more and better, will afford thee consolation.---It will assist you, my child, when your own doubts and perplexities prevent you from assisting yourself.

To speak my real sentiments, I know of no source from whence you could draw such good and salutary counsels as from your own wisdom, provided you will have confidence in it, and trust to it.---But knowing, as I do, how small a share of resolution you have on that score,---and to what waverings and difficulties

tics you are subject,---I have interwoven in this journal, and shall continue to do in all my future ones, such admonitions as every possible exigency, into which thou shouldest happen to fall, may require.---They are such as thou wouldest have given thyself,---if thy resolution in thine own concerns was equal to that which thou hast shewn in the cause of others.---They are good and will avail thee!---My Eliza will find them a balmy cordial in her spiritless and dejected moments.

Hope all things!---I say, Hope all things!---And as this is Scripture,---and it is Sunday into the bargain,---

I will

I will make it my text,---and preach  
thee a farewell sermon upon it.

“ Hope all Things !”

Some will tell you, perhaps, my  
fair and dear hearer! that hope is  
but a delusion,--- an *ignis fatuus*,  
which, if you follow it, will lead you  
into the most fatal errors and per-  
plexities.---Believe me, I have no  
greater hopes of people who advance  
this doctrine, than they seem to have  
for themselves:---for, be they who  
they may, or whatever title they  
may have obtained in the world for  
Knowledge and Philosophy, they  
can have no pretensions to either, as

Reason



Reason and Religion will convince them, if they make the enquiry, that the best and noblest actions of human nature arise from the influence of that affection and principle, whose excellence they doubt:—and, if they think it a mark of superior talents to deceive others, and to sport with the weakness and credulity of their fellow-creatures, they are not only foolish, but criminal, in endeavouring to poison those springs from whence every rill of human comfort flows. — They are themselves the *ignes fatui*, the delusive vapours, which, hovering over the marsh and the bog from whence they arise, lead the bewildered traveller to his destruction.

There are numbers of weak, bold persons in the world, who have acquired a character of some eminence for knowledge and discernment, by nothing more than a daring opposition to popular opinions, and an audacious denial of established truths.—Ignorance, assisted by a low cunning, which very often accompanies it, may imagine, that, if it can but join itself to some kind of singularity, it may pass for knowledge:—and so it may—among fools;—the wise know better;—they soon discern the trick, and treat the vain pretender with the contempt he deserves.—I have met with many of these gentry in my time, and exposed not a few of them:—they know me now,—and avoid me.

To suppose that life could subsist without Hope, or that it is beneath the dignity of human nature to cultivate and encourage it, is an idea which could enter into the wishes of none but the weakest or worst of men,—a dream which can only play upon the most enthusiastic fancy.—*Rochefocault*, who is a declared enemy to the dignity of our nature, and, of course, to those passions which were implanted in us to exalt it,—even he allows Hope to be of some use; for, with all its deceitfulness, he observes, that it conducts us, as we travel through life, a more easy and pleasant way to our journey's end.—Alas! alas! my Eliza, Hope never deceives us;—it is we who deceive ourselves.

Imagine yourself, if you can, for a moment, to be without passion or affection; —and, instead of exalting human nature, you degrade it into a machine of human construction.

—This spiritless, vapid, and inert state of being, is a picture of the Quietism which occasioned such long and violent disputes in the last century in France. —*Madame de Guyon*, a young and beautiful widow, had inflamed her imagination to such an height as to fancy herself superior to every passion and affection; —that she was the actual spouse of Christ, &c.---with many other absurdities equally visionary and fantastic.

When she first imagined herself

to be thus spiritualized, and began to declare her mysterious doctrines,--- she was, as I have already observed, a widow, and very handsome;---and her personal charms, it may be very naturally supposed, afforded no small assistance in procuring her a few temporary converts.---- She contrived, indeed, to fill the mind of her most intimate friend, Father *De la Combe*, so full of her own unintelligible, perplexing notions, that he died in a state of distraction;---and, for a time, she even poisoned the tender and refined genius of the amiable *Fenelon*. --But, when her beauty faded, her followers melted away; and, with her last confinement, her fanaticism was forgotten, or only remembered



as an instance of the strange caprices to which the human mind is subject, when deserted by reason,—and under the irregular impulse of a lively, heated imagination.

The opinion of the French philosopher, that Hope is deceitful, is too generally adopted.—People are glad to have something to which they may turn the load of those censures which ought to fall upon themselves;—and, therefore, are very apt to give qualities to the passions which only belong to them when they are ill-directed or unrestrained.—It is undoubtedly true, --- for the best authority informs us, --- that the heart, which is the spring of every passion, is  
 “deceit-

"deceitful above all things."—Now, if this be the case,---and every hour's experience brings a conviction that it is so,--does it not become our business, and is it not our real interest, so to regulate all its powers and principles that they may never exceed the bounds allotted them by Reason and by Virtue.—When our passions are suffered to take an improper bias, and to proceed, in their own way, to gratification, then they become, instead of real delusions, delusive realities, that hurry us away into excess and error;—not, however, from their own inherent power,--but our inattention or indulgence.

I have been led, I believe, to treat this matter with more formality,

and in a graver tone than was my first purpose;---but I judge it to be necessary, from the knowledge and fear I have of your opinions in these matters,—and the principles of some fanciful, ingenious, and plausible writers, whom I know you have studied with a very particular and partial attention.—But I will endeavour to enliven the subject!

When I was a poor curate, and a poorer vicar in Yorkshire, and confined, by necessity, to my cottage,—I cultivated, as far as the chill hand of poverty would let me, a little knowledge of painting and music; and was, really, a very tolerable proficient in both, considering my situation,

tion, and how unfavourable it was to such elegant attainments.—At this time, whether from vanity, or what other motive, I have now forgot,—in a rash moment, I made a promise to a lady that I would exert my best skill in painting a fan for her:—and when I desired she would honour me so far as to name the subject, she gave me the choice of three,——Love,—Friendship, and Hope.

The first was so trite and common, that I, at once, passed it by!—The second possesses such complicated emblems, that any picturesque representation of it would not be easily understood!—I therefore deter-  
mined

mined upon the last. — The figure of Hope, as a simple appearance, is well known:—a tall female figure, in a flowing robe, and resting upon an anchor, is a very obvious and familiar picture of this passion. — But my pencil, weak as it was, disclaimed the idea of a simple representation, as beneath it; and, in a vain moment, I resolved to try my skill in composition, and display the passion by some natural and pleasing employment of it, wherein a group of figures might appear to advantage.

Various were the images which fancy held up before me for selection. — At one time I thought of representing



presenting a man sitting upon a rugged precipice jutting into the sea, with Hope at his side, pointing to a distant sail which might behold his signals, and transport him from the horrors of a desolate island. — At another time I had sketched a poor, worn-out figure of an emaciated old man, crawling towards the cave of death:—weak and feeble, he rested upon an anchor, which Hope, who assisted his tottering steps, might be supposed to have given him;—at the same time directing his attention to the sun, which was represented as rising, with great brightness, beyond the cavern.——But I was not satisfied with allegory;—and wished to adopt some well-known story, where  
the

the passion is supposed to have operated to some purpose of virtue.

While this idea preponderated, Penelope, the chaste Penelope, presented herself before me, with a countenance expressive of a thousand anxious wishes for the return of her Lord.—On this hint I began my work.—I placed the faithful Princess at her tapestry, on a fold whereof, which fell from the table, appeared the word *Ithaca*, which at once precluded explanation.—She was in the attitude of turning her head towards Hope, who leaned upon the chair behind her, and was pointing, at the same time, to the work of her loom, whereby she had so long deluded

deluded the alternate threats and entreaties of her suitors; while the kind directress turns her attention to a distant view of the sea, whereon a vessel appeared to denote the return of Ulysses.

This design I finished with all my care, and gave it, with much pleasure, into the fair hand to whose use it was dedicated.—That hand, alas! has long been mouldered into dust;—and where this trifling, but favourite, child of mine art is transferred I cannot learn.—If I could, by any means, recover it, I would endeavour to revive its faded colours, and send it to thee,—at once to preserve thy mind from the anxieties of doubt and apprehension,—  
and

and thy face from the burning rays of an Indian sun.—It was my design,—that this fan should bear a lesson, in every breeze, to the excellent young person who received it at my hands; and she oftentimes and most kindly told me,—that my pious design was more than answered.

Perhaps, as I am preaching, I ought to have supported Hope with Faith and Charity!—But Charity, I well know, is thine,—and pervades every vessel of thy heart:—and Hope, without Faith to direct her, clings still to the earth, and cannot reach the skies.—Take care, therefore, my dear sister, and aid her flight to Heaven!

But

But you will smile and tell me, that the last flirt of my fan has blown every idea of a sermon out of your brain.—It is a sermon, nevertheless ;—not for the world, I acknowledge,---but for thee !—I am not now exercising my pastoral care over my flock at large,---but on one poor ewe-lamb, who is divided from the fold.——Open thy heart, then, to receive my instructions, and hope all things.——Leaving, then, the objects of time behind us, we will make this affection to soar above, and guide our hearts to an eternal world.——There is comfort, indeed, which cannot be taken away.

—Ask that pale, dejected form  
why



why so full of sorrows?—She will tell thee that the husband of her love; the tender partner of all her joys, is snatched from her in the bloom of his years, and their happiness;—and laid low in the grave!—Enquire further,--why she turns her streaming eyes to Heaven?—and she will tell thee, that she hopes to meet him there!

Hope is the foundation of every noble action of man! Without it,—we should be without courage, perseverance,----fortitude, industry,----friendship, love, and even patience,—that kind and gentle virtue.—It is the life of all religion,—and christianity rests upon it.—Without  
out

out Hope, how fore must be the bur-  
 then to the "heavy-laden!"—With-  
 out Hope, where can calamitous Virtue  
 look for its balm or its recompence!  
 —If this affection were to be rooted  
 out of the heart,—Despair would  
 ever tread upon the heels of Sorrow,  
 —and every Care would bring a po-  
 niard in its hand to destroy its  
 wretched being;—while Man would  
 become a self-assassin throughout the  
 world,—and Nature herself grow pale  
 at the horrid and bloody desolation.

A Hope in the mercies, and a firm  
 Trust in the assistance of an almighty  
 and faithful Being, will ever pro-  
 duce chearfulness, patience, and all  
 those dispositions of mind which al-

Vol. I.                      H                      leviate

leviate the pains and misfortunes we are not able to remove.—May this Hope and Trust be ever thine!—May they support thee during thy voyage, —and sweeten every hour of thy future life!

A Being whose time is short and uncertain, and whose pleasures are, at best, but very precarious, has need of some aid to direct him to where life will be eternal, and pleasure for evermore.

I am afraid, my dearest child! that thou wilt have little to comfort thee in this world but the Hopes of a better.—Rest then upon them!—They will be a refuge to thee in the stormy wind

wind and tempest!—When friends  
 forsake, and foes insult thee,—they  
 will be a rock of support, and a  
 powerful shield against all thine ene-  
 mies!—Encouraged and strengthen-  
 ed by them, thou wilt lay down thy  
 weary head in peace on the grave's  
 cold pillow;—and when thou shalt  
 awake from the sleep of death,—  
 Hope will be no more!—its task  
 will be accomplished,—it will have  
 borne thee to the skies, and be lost  
 in the fruition of a blessed eternity.

—God grant,—and I pray, in  
 his infinite mercy,—that this may  
 be the happy lot of us both!

Amen!



Thus saith the preacher!—but  
I must hasten to a conclusion—

It is impossible for thee, Eliza, to  
hear from me again till you are arrived  
in India,—and thy happiness and mi-  
sery in this world fully determined.—  
You have obeyed his commands  
whom it was your duty to obey.—  
May a cherishing affection, and a  
tender loving-kindness, be the re-  
ward of thy obedience!—What can  
I say more?—I have continued  
writing to the last moment,—and  
yet I know not how to have done!  
—If thou wast returning to England  
instead of departing from it, I might  
venture on a voyage to the Madeiras  
to meet thee, Eliza, and give thee  
the



the convoy of love, of friendship, to mine own home.—But that, my dear, is impossible,---and time presses on me!—I conjure thee, therefore,---and, perhaps, for the last time,---to love me.——Study my counsels,---reverence thyself, and trust in Heaven!—Adieu,---my charming friend!——These are tender moments!—but the time is not far distant, when thou wilt sympathise with them,---and, by thy tears, sanctify those which now gush from the eyes of thy most affectionate

YORICK.

P. S. I will not seal my packet 'till I have read it, or, at least, some parts of it, to the ——;—and while

the servant is gone for a chair to convey me to them,---I shall make a request to thee,---or rather repeat one I made to thee some time ago: ---That you will take these letters, and all that thou shalt receive from me hereafter, if I live to write thee any more,---with those you already have in your possession,---and having shaped them into a book,---write on the title-page,---Eliza's Manual,---written by Yorick, for her daily comfort and meditation.---May it do thee good!---I trust and believe it will.---Once more, then, fare thee well!---Peace, and comfort, and joy, my Eliza, dwell in thine heart!---Again, fare thee well!---May the blessings of this day be upon thee!

## ELIZA to YORICK.

*On board the Earl of Chatham,  
in the Downs.*

**S**ICK and heartless as I am, my Bramin ! I should not have sat down to write to you, but that your picture, which now hangs before me, seems to cast a tender look of reproach, and chide my delay.—But, under my present bitter oppressions, I cannot write, or think, or do anything but weep,—and, when my eyes refuse their waters,—sigh forth my lamentations.

As I look from my cabin, I see  
the white cliffs of Albion lift their

H 4

heads

heads above the sea, and defy its power:—but, alas, I may see them no more!—A friendly gleam of sunshine darts, at times, from between the clouds, and, illuminating the scene before me, gives my enraptured eye a bright prospect of verdant fields, spreading thickets, and glittering spires.—But the rapture which sparkles in my eye is drowned in a starting tear, when the envious clouds cast a shade over them all:—sad presage of my future destiny, that I shall never behold them again! —Once more it brightens for a moment,—and I apply to the telescope, which I had made ready for any favourable opportunity.—I have distinctly seen the cottage, the farm,



farm, and the village; with the happy, innocent inhabitants, busy in their various occupations:—but my eyes are so weak with weeping,—that they will not bear an exertion;—and, I believe, the friendly tube will offer its future aid in vain.

—Happy shepherd, who feedest thy flock upon the mountain, and lookest down upon the tides below thee!—Happy art thou!—Nor winds bear thee away from those who love thee,—nor does thy life shudder beneath the contending elements.—When the storm comes,—thou hurriest, like the halcyon, to thy shelter in the rock;—and, when it has blown its blast, thou comest forth from



from thy retreat, and, sitting upon the cliff, dost breathe some pleasant strain upon thy pipe,—and thy flocks feed around thee!—Happy people!—I would that I had a cot in your village,---and that my Bramin was your Bramin :---then I would never trust the billows of the sea,---or the more dangerous billows of the world again,---but pass a blameless life with him and you;---and, I think, we might find, together, the way to heaven.

Your letter reached the ship this morning at a very early hour :---and, as I did not expect any further tidings of my friends while we remained here, I had given particular

and

and positive orders, as I had been of late so much harrassed, that I should never be disturbed when in bed;—and they were so well obeyed, that the boat was returned to shore some time before I received this unexpected but welcome token of your affection:—I should otherwise most assuredly have acknowledged, tho' it had been upon a card, your fond kindness, and your sad farewell.--- But it is now impossible;—for the wind is fair,---and we only wait the tide to hoist sail and begone.——I make no enquiry, but, from the bustle around me, the time, I believe, draws nigh.

Your epistle, my friend, is very affecting indeed!—though, could I answer

answer it now,---I should return you deeper sighs, and louder lamentations.---I leave a country which I love,---and am bound for a land which I hate :---I quit those shores where health smiled upon me,---and I hasten to a burning clime, whose noxious blasts have already tainted me :---I leave England, where I have friends---whose hearts are equal to any that were ever warmed by the flood of life,---whose best services and affections have been directed to me; and I go to distant India,---where I tremble at the precariousness of these blessings.

Your sorrows are for others;---for the captive and the wretched,---the  
unfortunate

unfortunate, and the exile ;---sorrows  
 which bear a balm along with them :  
 —but mine are for myself alone.—  
 Your grief is noble and generous ;  
 —mine is narrow and selfish,---and,  
 great as the hoard is,—I am a very  
 glutton, and only feed my own heart  
 with it.——You possess a splendid  
 fame, which shines around you,—  
 and not a sun arises from the other  
 hemisphere, but beholds its encreas-  
 ing brightness ;—you possess a thou-  
 sand present friends, to comfort and  
 to solace you in sickness or distress :  
 —but I have no fame !—I have no  
 present friends ;—and in sickness or  
 distress,—amid the whistling winds  
 and hurrying waves, — whom has  
 your Eliza to solace and to comfort  
 her ?



To Heaven, then, I turn my eyes,  
and implore its benign protection !

Thou merciful Father !—soften,  
if it be thy will, the sharpness of  
those sorrows which thy justice has  
inflicted upon me !—Thy mercy is  
infinite :—to thy infinite mercy I ad-  
dress my petition,—that it may calm  
my troubled spirits,—and hush them  
into peace !

—A small gleam of comfort seems  
already to break in upon my heart  
from this short invocation.—Oh, my  
friend ! what weak, wretched, igno-  
rant, ill-judging creatures we are, that  
we should not suffer any motives to  
lead our thoughts to the comforts of  
ano-



another world, but the sorrows of this.

—Afflictions, you have often told me, are blessings in disguise:—if this be true, early affliction may, in its effects, be rightly accounted early happiness.—It requires, without doubt, a great share of resolution, and a very resigned spirit, to be satisfied with this view of human sufferings:—but great sufferings, if properly considered and applied, beget the necessary resolution;—and, I believe, it is a declaration in one of your sermons,—however, I have read it somewhere,—that when God sends trials, he sends strength.—While I write, I begin to find, thank Heaven! a confirmation of this truth in my own breast, which is as a re-  
viving

viving cordial to me.—I will ever have recourse to it, as you have often and tenderly advised me, when affliction, however bold it may have grown by my submission, begins its work of tyranny.

These, my Master, are the sentiments which now flow warm from my heart;—and I hope you will not think them unworthy of your most grateful and obedient disciple.—But some one knocks at my door, ---and I am told that we are under sail.---While, then, it is in my power, I must write Adieu!---The motion of the ship may shortly affect me with its usual violence.---Ere, then, my head grows giddy, or my hand trembles,

trembles, I bid you farewell!--Believe me, I will pay a most dutiful obedience to all your commands!--I will read your letters every morning,—and look at your picture every hour:—thus by joining the counsels and the features of my friend together, he will be, as it were, present with me.

As I have powers and opportunity, you may be assured that I shall continue to write my Journal as you have desired me:—and if any ship bound for England should cross us in our passage, I will endeavour, with the few smiles I have left, to bribe our commander, that he may slacken his sails, and contrive to send

it to you,—As I turn my eyes to  
 my cabin-window, the blue hills of  
 Britain seem already to disappear!  
 —I could say,—yes, I could say,—  
 Turn, ye winds!—and linger, ye tides!  
 —but I will change my note and  
 sing,—Blow, ye winds! and roll on,  
 ye tides!—for the swifter you bear  
 Eliza away, the sooner she will re-  
 turn to her friends, her Yorick,—  
 and herself!

Adieu!

*In the Channel,*

AS I look upon the distant coast  
 of France, I cannot but think of you,  
 and thank its salubrious, southern  
 clime for having so frequently re-  
 stored

stored you to health and strength. —If you find the English winter too cold for your frame, and too oppressive to your lungs, I hope that no considerations will ever induce or influence you to mope about in the fogs of London; but that you will let the Dover machine whirl you to the sea-coast,—and the packet-boat take you to Calais;—from whence, in some easy chaise, you may set off to woo health where you have so often found her.——But my head, I believe, has caught the motion of your wheels;—so I must have done.

*Off the Madeiras.*

THIS is the first time since our departure from the Channel that I



have been able to take up my pen for the purpose of serious writing:—a few casual thoughts, which I was afraid of losing, with some dates, &c. form the whole of my literary productions since that time.—The weather was frequently so boisterous that it was impossible to write;—and, at other times, I have been so ill and powerless,—that I was entirely disabled from holding my pen.—The tossings of the Bay of Biscay made me sick for a week.—However, I am now, in a great degree, recovered,—and the sight of land, with the hopes of hearing from my friends, as they promised, during our stay at this island, has animated me with many comfortable and pleasing expectations.—With the  
omen,

omen, therefore, of better spirits than I have known for some time, I begin my Journal ;—and, as I shall write an account of all little events which have already happened, and may occur in the future part of my voyage,—to our common friends the \* \* \*, I shall not repeat them to you,—but confine myself to the affairs of my mind, and the interior state of your Eliza.

To accomplish this task with satisfaction to myself and to you,—and to improve and exalt my thoughts as I go along,—I shall, as I read your letters, enlarge upon them, and spin out my slender thread from your solid gold.—Thus a kind of  
 I 3      sentiment-

sentimental commerce will be established between us,—and, from your solid materials, I will employ my fancy in working up such little elegant toys and ornaments as shall suit your taste, and make you wish to employ me in the same manufacture again and again :—and, if I find your ore does not last my voyage, I must have recourse to my chest of books, and borrow from thence, till I receive a fresh supply from you.

You know that I had read some of the best authors in the English language before I knew you ;—I mean such as are, generally, recommended for women's reading.—They delighted me,—and I thought  
that

that in the study of them I was laying in a great store of elegant knowledge, and refined wisdom.—The former might, in a very small degree, be true; but as for the latter, it was an entire fallacy;—and I owe the discovery of it to yourself.

I was no sooner acquainted with Yorick, than I learned to make the distinction between the parade of fine sentiments, dressed up in form, and finished with labour,—and the language of the heart. — Pope pleased me with the keen thoughts, beautiful polish, and correct expression of his Letters; nor was I less delighted with the lively style, and gallant turn, of the easy *Voiture*.—But

I had not received three of yours, before I discarded my two favourites to the uppermost shelf of my book-case.——I had seen Nature in every dress,---in the savage rudeness of the uncultivated mountain, and exquisitely adorned by Taste and her disciple *Brown*;---I had beheld her warm from the pencil of *Reynolds*;---and had heard her speak in a sublime and affecting voice, in the plays of *Shakespeare*, when *Garrick* delivered him to the public:---but I never read the language of Nature, at once familiar, refined, and exalted, with the best feelings and dispositions about her of which she is capable,---till I knew you.

I had



I had read and admired some of your writings long before I had seen you. — Indeed, they possess some touches so exquisite,---some pictures so striking,---I may add, sublime,---that an heart of adamant alone could be insensible to their powers:—but there were many great, very great beauties, indeed, which the knowledge of you, and the being familiarized to your conversation; kindly unveiled to me:—nay, even among the more palpable and evident excellences, I now discerned additional strength and more varied beauty; and observed many nice strokes and hidden tints which had before escaped me.—Your conversation is the best glossary to the riddles of your book.—

book.—You keep the key of the cabinet yourself, and it is absolutely necessary to become an acquaintance in order to be admitted into it.

I am now perfectly satisfied that every word and sentence you have ever written, has its *meaning* and its *moral*.—I must, also, acknowledge, that there was a time when I thought you were laughing at mankind, playing upon their weaknesses for your own emolument, and that great part of your works had neither one nor the other.—Indeed, I have met very many cunning, penetrating people, who were much disposed to discover meanings you never had, and deep strokes of satire which you never intended;

tended;—and then I gave you credit for getting a good laugh at the expence of fools and witlings, and I used to laugh with you.—I then little thought I should ever know you; and, if an event so earnestly desired by me was ever to take place, ---that I should weep with you more than I should laugh.—But so it is,---or, rather, so it has been:—and why may I not hope, notwithstanding your melancholy presagings, ---that it may be so again?

It may not, possibly, be a general maxim, but I am certain of its truth in regard to many particular people, yourself among the rest,---or, I should rather say, in works of a particular

particular kind,--that a personal acquaintance with the author serves, greatly, to illustrate and explain his book;--especially where irony is a singular ingredient in the composition:--for when you are become acquainted with the manner in which a writer is used to treat his subjects, when you are familiarized to the turns of his conversation, and know his private virtues, failings, and prejudices, you have, in your possession, a better illustration of his works, than his own notes, or those of the most laborious commentator, could afford you.

—An instance of this occurs to me, which, however pedantic it may appear,

appear, I shall mention, because it does occur to me.—Besides, I have Yorick's particular injunction now strong in my memory and my heart, to write any-thing and every-thing to him.—My allusion is to a very celebrated pamphlet, which, though written by an ingenious sceptic, expressly against Revelation, made more converts to the Methodists than it did to Deism. — The author of it was not generally known, or that could not have been the case;---for, though the irony might have been so artfully managed as not to have appeared to the common herd of readers,---yet they never would have given credit to the strongest apparent arguments in favour of a system which



which the writer was known to oppose and treat with the greatest derision,—but would, very naturally, have imagined that there was some artful veil of disguise, some thin-spun design, though they could not immediately discover it,—and, therefore, throw the book aside, with all its plausibility, as a very suspicious business.

I think it is related in the Spectator, that, when Cyrus reproached his confidential friend, to whom he had entrusted the captive Panthea, with breach of faith,—the conscious officer calmly replied,—“That every man was composed of two different natures, the good and the evil:—  
that

that in every other concern, and office wherein his Prince had employed him, the former had prevailed;---but in this the latter had preponderated, and led him from the path of honour and duty."——The young Persian, without doubt, had imbibed a warm glow of nature from the sun, which he worshipped,---and became, from thence, very susceptible of the tender passion:---in the charge of supreme beauty he failed.——

The austere virtue of Cyrus, who had himself resisted, though he feared, the charms of the beautiful Princess, might condemn his favourite;—but I should have pitied and forgiven him.——You will tell me I am a woman, and that the excesses  
of

of love are ever venial in a female breast.—Nay, Yorick! you would have forgiven him,---I am sure you would,---and blamed your own injustice alone in placing your friend in a situation wherein you could not trust yourself.—But how is it that I stray so far from my subject?

What different characters,—or, I should rather say, what opposite dispositions exist in the same person!—Now, I do not believe that any one can, possibly, point out a greater dissimilitude in any of the general human propensities, than yourself in the world, and yourself in private society;—nay, I will go farther still, —than Mr. Sterne in private society,  
and

and the same gentleman in a tête-à-tête, or with a few select friends. —In the former situation, he is gay, airy, and loquacious; --- all spirits, life, and whim;—full of joke, pun, and story:—in a more private society his spirits are somewhat purified by the flashes of an Attic wit:—but in a tête-à-tête he is himself alone,---for no one ever was or will be equal to him.—Here his wit is pure,---his smiles complacent,---his passions corrected,---his sentiments divine.—Here I have known him; ---and I would not lose this idea of my Bramin for the wide-extending realms of *Indostan*, whither I am going.—Look at Mr. Sterne in the withdrawing-room at Saint James's,

—at the opera,—or in any of the polite circles, and you would suppose his muscles were so contrived as to be ever disposed to laugh with those that laugh.—Lead him, on the contrary, to the chamber of sickness, or the mansion of distress,---or place him, with his handkerchief in his hand, sitting beside some hapless damsel in affliction,---or take him as he is going to or returning from a visit to his nuns, as he calls it, in Yorkshire, ---you would then swear to his pensive nature, ---and that his whole frame was alone disposed to weep with those that weep.—Oh, how much do I wish, and how continually do I pray, that the best and heavenly propensities, which he possesses,



esses, were ever uppermost in the breast of my friend!---and that those virtues in him, which I sincerely reverence, would stand aloof, and prevent the beckon of fools to lead him astray, or the flattery of knaves to betray him!

—I know you will say, as you have humorously said already, that it is a very hard thing a man may not ride what horse he pleases along the King's high-road, provided he does not splash and throw dirt upon those who are walking on either side of it; —and I have heard you add withal, that every man has a right, if he pleases, once in four-and-twenty hours, to put on a fool's cap, and

shake the bells which are sewed to it, and laugh heartily when he has done, without giving reasonable cause of offence to any one.—However true this may be, Yorick, or however current it may pass with those who, provided they are made to smile, are contented,—there is many a grave character whose applause would do you no harm, who, however he may be pleased with the curvettings of an hobby-horse, would be highly displeased to see a man in black on the back of it:—and permit me also, my dear friend, to observe, that, though many a merry joke may proceed innocently enough from beneath a cap with bells,—it will be matter of offence to all serious

rious minds,—to see it upon a man in a cassock.

—Do let me beseech you to complete your *Tristram Shandy* as I have heard you propose to do it;—and confine your rare genius to works of genuine sentiment and chaste wit, without the least ribaldry and expressions, at best, of dubious meaning.—When you write to the world, you should not give it an opportunity of interpreting for itself.

—If there are two meanings, it is not difficult to guess which will be adopted: and though the gross idea be not in your book, but in those good people that think they find it there;—yet, as you have left

a blank to be supplied from the imagination, you have given the game-some, wandering thought an opportunity to exercise itself,—for which there could not be the least occasion,—nor can there be a good excuse.

You have laid your commands upon me, and I will, most faithfully, obey them:—in my turn, let me command, and do you obey Eliza. —In all your future writings, and many, many may there be! let the spirit of your *Uncle Toby*, of *Le Fevre*, and your dying *Yorick*,—of the *Monk at Calais*,—of poor *Maria*,—and the peasant on the road to *Lyons*,—may that, and that alone, inspire you to bless mankind, and animate you to  
give

give a fair and unsullied splendor to  
your own fame.

That you may accomplish my  
wishes, and obey my commands, live  
less in the world, and more alone.—  
You will do justice to yourself in  
solitude ; and, in solitude, Eliza will  
be less forgotten.—It is the lot, in-  
deed, of humanity to err : the most  
exalted characters prove the truth of  
the proverb every day, and yield to  
fallible nature. Thus it is ordered  
by the wise Ruler and Disposer of all  
things :—when, therefore, I read that  
Lord Bacon prostituted his glorious  
talents by a servile obedience to an  
arbitrary Court ;—when I reflect that  
Swift was a misanthrope,—Wharton



a debauchee, — Addison envious, —  
 and Pope spiteful; — when I see Lord  
 \* \* a coward, — Lord \* \* a tyrant,  
 — Lord \* \* the slave of a party, —  
 and Mr. Sterne upon his hobby-  
 horse; — I naturally conclude that  
 these great, superior, and shining  
 characters, have some proportionate  
 weakness annexed to them, that they  
 may not have it in their power, if  
 they were so inclined, to sport with  
 the happiness, and tyrannize over  
 the liberties of their fellow-creatures.  
 — I wish, as far as I can, to recon-  
 cile every-thing to myself and my  
 own reason; and this is the reflec-  
 tion with which I satisfy my mind,  
 when I behold such an amazing dis-  
 parity in the abilities and talents of  
 men

men in general, and such an inequality and fickleness in the powers and affections of the same individual.

—It is the business of philosophy to discover our weaknesses, with the situation and circumstances congenial to them, and most disposed to call them forth; and to avoid all such, however flattering they may be, as the most dangerous enemies of our honour and happiness.

The Bramin should live in solitude; for it is the friend of Genius.

—There she may plume her wing, and take her flight; and when she drops a feather in the world, the world will wonder and admire, and flock to the mountain where she builds

builds her nest, to behold her beauty.—And, surely, if one, were it but one congenial spirit, who, burning with desire to see and know you, should take up his staff and make a pilgrimage to your cottage in the North, it would be more truly flattering, and redound more to your real honour, than all the idle, transitory praises of the great; the vain compliments of coxcombs; and the many invitations to dinner which you receive in the metropolis.—“To live at a distance from men,” says the charming *Fenelon*, “yet to be near enough to do them good, is acting like a benign deity upon earth.”—Now, if there ever was a mortal being who could attain this character,

character, thou, Yorick, art the man!—Turn, then, your thoughts to the attainment of it; and I will erect an altar to your name on the shores of the distant *Ganges*, and teach the swarthy Indians to worship you.

As you have shewn yourself so anxious for my happiness, it well becomes me to be equally solicitous for your fame.—It is my fame also, for Eliza's name is in your page, and will go down to posterity with yours.

I make no apology for what I have written:—my heart disguises nothing to you:—while it pants in my

my bosom, it will never cease, I hope, to practise this and every other lesson which you have taught it.—For the present, my Bramin, adieu !  
 ——I begin to feel that I have exerted myself too much ; and my spirits begin to fail me.—But the sea was calm, and my mind was calm ; and not knowing how soon the tempest might agitate and disturb them both, I snatched the only opportunity I may ever have of reasoning coolly with my friend on a subject, as I conceive, of much importance to him, and which has been near my heart ever since I knew him.  
 ;--I never expected to have accomplished this office of affection ;--and I cannot thank Heaven enough for  
 having



having permitted me to pay to you this real and unfeigned tribute of the most pure and grateful friendship. — Once more adieu ! --- Preserve your health ; --- cherish it with care : --- let not your spirits hurry you into a neglect of it. — I tremble at the thought, and a thousand fears chill my breast at the reflection. — Oh, my friend, should I see you no more ! — But I must have done ; for, should I suffer this idea to prevail, I shall relapse : so, my dear Yorick, fare thee well ! — If you do not guard your health, reflect how much you will have to answer for to the world, --- to yourself, --- to Eliza, --- and to Heaven !

*Friday.*

*Friday.*

HOW often, my dearest Bramin;  
 have I seen your sarcastic looks, when  
 some self-sufficient orator has been  
 haranguing, in all the importance of  
 declamation, upon the transient state  
 of sublunary felicity, and the fallacy  
 of human enjoyments!—and when  
 he had finished his pathetic harangue,  
 how eloquent has been your silence!  
 and when every eye has been turned  
 towards you, full of expectation that  
 you would take up the subject,—  
 with what real satisfaction have I seen  
 you throw one leg over the other,  
 and look at your handkerchief, as  
 you sat twisting it with your hands,  
 without

without suffering a word to escape your lips!

This conduct of yours has so put me out of humour with the moralizing strain, that my pen has sometimes received a check when it has been writing its little moralities to you.—But I have recollected, for my encouragement, an opinion which you once gave me to get rid of an apology I was making for my sentimental conversation, which was,—— that, in large companies, where the society must be of a mixed nature, and many individuals of it strangers to each other, the heart should be upon its guard, and not disclose its secret treasures; but reserve them  
for

for the small circle of those friendly beings who, we know, possess feeling minds, and will make reciprocal exchanges of what is most exalted in their characters. There is a conversation, you observed, for the world, as there is a dress for it; and it should be of a certain cut and fashion, according to the circumstances and situation wherein it may be necessary to put it on: but the undress of the mind, like that of the body, should be only for the friend and our own home, where the tax of formality and ceremony are not, or, at least, ought not, to be exacted.—The conclusion of your observation was too flattering to me to be mentioned here, though I shall never forget it.

When

Whenever, therefore, I sit down to write to you, I cannot but consider myself as alone with you and those very few worthy spirits to whom you may think proper to communicate the subject of my letters. Under this idea, then, I give you the sentiments that occur:---but as my heart cannot be otherwise than in a pen-  
sive state, they will be spiritless and  
pensive also;—for what could I tell  
you of, that would bear another  
complexion? If an ocean undergo-  
ing the frequent changes of calm  
and agitation, and whose only appa-  
rent boundary has, for many days  
past, been the encircling horizon;—  
if this scene were to be described by  
me, what would it be to you but



the sad description of my own distress? If the storm was to roar beneath my pen, it would only tell you of the dangers to which I am exposed; and if the conversation of my shipmates were to compose my epistles, trifles, light as air, would meet your eyes: so that I find myself fully justified in writing to you solely and entirely from my heart. Its most secret recesses are open to your inspection; and if you were a Romish Confessor, I should not apply to any other chair but yours: my sins would be more penitentially told to your ear; and your tongue would pronounce a sweeter pardon.

To acknowledge an offence where  
forgiveness

forgiveness is a pleasure, produces a satisfaction little short of that which flows from virtuous actions :—nay, it is itself an action of the highest virtue; it is no less than treading back the steps, where vice was our conductor, to the good from which we had been seduced. This may be a painful task, but the end is truly noble. Indeed, repentance is enjoined by religion, and the highest rewards of a future world are annexed to it: but that I shall leave to you, who are a *master in Israel*, and know these things. I only meant to speak of the real pleasure which a contrite spirit must feel, when, by an acknowledgment of its error, it has regained the place in that heart from which

offence had removed it.—Oh! my friend, what a glorious, ennobling office it is to wipe away the tears from the eyes of the penitent, and give peace to the repentant bosom.

*Milton* has finely described this situation when he throws *Eve* submissive at the feet of *Adam*, imploring pardon and forgiveness, which he with joy bestows.—Nothing can be more natural than this picture: indeed, the great poet is said to have experienced every part of it himself;—and that, in thus describing the renewed affection of our first parents, he gave an exact representation of *Mrs. Milton's* return to his bosom.

The

The falling-out of lovers, says the old proverb, is the renewing of love. Little circumstances will frequently happen, from the weakness of human nature, to break in upon the calm state of mutual affection:—nay, I rather think that the heart, devoted to one object, becomes, by insensible degrees, more easily affected by any untoward action, however trifling, in proportion as that devotion encreases. We form expectations, oftentimes, of the most uninteresting nature; these are not gratified, and uneasiness ensues.—The one party, having dwelt long upon them, has already raised them into matters of importance: the other, having never considered them at all,

cannot be brought to think the neglect of them as an offence worthy of reproaches. Thus a mutual dissatisfaction takes place, 'till they find the want of each other's smiles and caresses; and then the one begins to think the requisition too much, while the other is satisfied that it ought to have been granted,—and they fly into each other's arms, more fond and enamoured than ever.——

These are rapturous moments!——

But when love is matured by time and experience,---when mutual confidence is fixed upon the firm and unalterable basis of steady affection,---then the heaven of this world commences; and they who have arrived at this state of united love, go on,

like



like the sun, through a cloudless sky,  
and set in the serene evening of a  
summer's day.

Here I heave a sigh; for I am describing a lot which can never be mine. If you were a young man, I might wish it to be yours.—But wherefore should I throw away a wish upon the matter? For your glories will illuminate the horizon for ages after their parent orb has sunk beneath it, and is gone, perhaps, to enlighten other worlds.

*The Madeiras.*

It has so happened, that some days have past since I added a line to my

L 4                      journal;

journal; and it is time, from a consideration of my engagement to you, as well as the comfort it affords myself, to resume the pleasing labour.

The uniform progress of the day, and, indeed, the uniformity of my sentiments with respect to you, render it a matter of some difficulty to give the variety to my letters which I could wish.—I have already told you it was my intention to make yours the subject of my daily meditation,—and the ground-work of every thing I should write to you. But I have changed my plan, and shall reserve that employment for some of the cheerless hours I am  
destined

destined to know, when it will be, perhaps, my only source of consolation.

At present I am not more happy than I have been of late, but less unhappy.—I do not know whether you will understand me; but I perfectly understand myself, and believe the description to be just.—My spirits are much better than they have been since I left England, or, most probably, than they will be again.—The setting my foot upon firm ground,—the meeting with some hospitable, good people of my own country,—the recovery from a painful sickness, which had almost destroyed me,—a warm sun,—the expecta-

expectation of hearing from those I so dearly love, and of possessing the means whereby I may tell them so once more,---has, indeed, greatly revived me.----The person who is drowning, catches at every straw which floats upon the wave that threatens to overwhelm him;—and, in the changes of life, it often happens, that those things which, in the hey-day of enjoyment, never caught our eye, or seemed to have claim to the least attention, become the supports of a decaying happiness.--- This is an wholesome lesson, and I hope to profit by it.

The children of prosperity are, in general, so attentive to themselves  
and

and their own pleasures, that they do not afford very frequent examples of a wise submission to adverse fortune, when adverse fortune lays her hand upon them. — The eye, while it wanders over the fruitful meadows, and the swelling lawns, should not disdain the barren scene, and the dreary heath. — There are beauties in all, and it should endeavour to discover them: — for, though the swelling lawns are now our own, the time may not be far distant, when a cottage on the heath may be our only habitation; — and he who was under the influence of wisdom in the possession of the one, however great the change may be, will be certain of finding contentment in the other.

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I believe there is a strong bias and propensity in the heart of man, if vanity and ignorance did not pervert them, to accommodate itself to the changes and chances of life ; and that the mind possesses a power, if presumption on the one hand, and despondency on the other, did not controul and weaken it, to extract the sweet drop which is ever to be found in the bitterest cup of affliction.

To contemplate his own nature, the wonders of his form, the powers of his mind, the happiness whereof he is capable, the means given him to attain it, and the end to which it is directed, is alone sufficient to make  
man

man happy.—Few, I fear, enjoy so much happiness as they might, tho' we are all of us capable of being as happy as we ought.—This may be easily proved, without entering into the depths of abstract enquiry, by making the foregoing points the subject of our impartial consideration.—If we were to direct our minds to such objects as these, we should soon discover that the happiness whereof man is capable, is most perfectly adequate to the nature of his being, which is finite; his existence in the world; which is uncertain; and his advancement to that state for which he is created, which is immortal.—But, without attending to little and ordinary disputations, there is one grand

grand argument which, as it were, engulphs all others upon the subject — That the world is governed by the Wisest and Best of Beings; and that he made us, and not we ourselves. — This satisfies me at once, without farther enquiry. — Indeed, it is a principle so evident in itself, and of such encouraging consideration, that, if passion did not blind their eyes, and a false wisdom seduce them from the love of plain, simple truth, men would rest upon this foundation with a certain and conscious security. — But, though it is so easy, and, one would think, so natural for the eye to look upwards, where there is help, and truth, and comfort, how apt are we to fix it upon the dust which blinds it!

My indisposition to company, and the being as much alone as my present situation will permit, has naturally led me into the habit of private reflection;—and, small as the sample has hitherto been, I begin to derive some sweet and tender pleasures from it, which I have seldom known in those pursuits and employments that are generally supposed to produce them.—What a resource, my friend, does the mind possess, that, when every-thing lours around us, we may retire from the injustice of the world, the falshood of friends, and the strife of tongues, into ourselves, and be happy!—The star that glitters on the breast, the ribbon that hangs from the shoulder, and the

the plume that trembles on the crest, are vain, even to the vain owners of them, if there is not a crowd to gaze, to wonder, and to bow down.—The man who rests for happiness on his own mind, acquires so real and substantial an independence, that I much wonder our pride, which tries so many roads to superiority, does not sometimes venture upon this.—The contemplative man finds more real dignity in his shadow, than one half of those who, big with self-importance, are strutting about on the theatre of life:—or, as Mr. Addison better expresses it, “the evening’s walk of a wise man is more illustrious in the sight of Heaven than the march of a general at the head  
of



of an hundred thousand men." This is a most beautiful picture of contemplative virtue, and I hope my Yorick will realize it every fine evening of his future life.

As this disposition is such a certain source of happiness, I doubt not but there is in the mind a natural bent to it; and a little thought convinces me that my conjecture is not erroneous.

When the Emperor *Charles the Fifth* expressed his surprize at the request of one of his bravest captains to be discharged from his service, to which he had long been an honour and an example, the officer

VOL. I.

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replied,

replied, "That, between the actual exercise of his profession and his death, a soldier ought to have some interval for rest and contemplation."

---This reply is very memorable: nor is that inscription less worthy our attention, which one of the same character, who had retreated from it seven years before he died, ordered at his death to be placed on his tomb,---"That he had been many years in the world, but had lived only seven."

The statesman, amid the arduous, the honourable labours of government, looks towards his retreat with pleasure. — The man of gain says, When I have amassed such a sum,  
I will

I will leave my business to my children, buy a farm, and pass the evening of my life in the happy employment of cultivating it; securing, by these means, peace and tranquillity to my latter days.

These views or desires all arise from that principle of the mind for which I contend, though it appears in different forms, according to the difference of education and profession. —But it is the same inherent disposition, however it may be modified by external circumstances and events, which leads the wise man to his evening-walk, ---takes the courtier from the levee, --- and accompanies the tradesman to his country-house. —

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They must be little spirits, indeed, who envy the gilded chariot, the liveried train, and the diamond's blaze, without ever looking towards an emulation of that man's virtues who has learned to think and act aright.

If there is any superiority of happiness in the vast and varied crowd of human characters, it must belong to the sober child of rational Contemplation:---if Nature has disposed him to it, he should be grateful to Nature;---and if the severest frowns of Fortune have been the means of making him think with wisdom, he may call them smiles, and bow him down before her altars.---The mind  
of

of man, however comprehensive its powers may be, and whatever activity it may possess in the exertion of them, when it has taken its flight round the ordinary circuit of human enquiry, finds rest and satisfaction alone in the sublime offices of Contemplation.

Science is a fine name, and Wisdom is a word on every-body's tongue; and what numbers there are who think names and words will give them importance, and lead to happiness!--Alas! alas! how splendid is the ignorance of some men, and with what care and cost do they adorn it!--As their different follies prevail, some buckle their wisdom,



such as it is, in armour, and render it impregnable by intrenchments of hard words, and knotty points :--- while others cull every daisy from the bank, and every lily from the valley ; distil every odorous flower of the garden to perfume and sweeten it, and even extract essence from the dew to wash it into fairness and beauty.---Thus dressed and adorned, they hang out their puppets for admiration ; and when a few passing fools grin a stupid applause, they are satisfied.

The multitude is not great, I believe, of those who think at all ; but they who think aright are, I fear, but very few in number.---The right government

vernment of our thoughts is one of the most difficult as well as noblest attainments of human nature : it seems, indeed; to include the whole of human excellence. It is a science which schoolmasters cannot teach, wherein books give but little assistance, and which chiefly depends upon our own sagacity, resolution, and perseverance.

To direct the soul in the various sublime operations whereof it is capable, must be the result of much experience and patient investigation. To make it soar above the flight of passion, and disentangle it from the weight of material influence, is the business and perfection of philosophy.

phy. To study our spiritual nature, its ends and its objects, requires the still solitude of retired days; where, undisturbed, the thinking man may take his evening-walk of wisdom, while the stars glitter approbation, and the moon lights her lamp upon his meditations.—And sweet ones they must be!—for, as Dr. Young beautifully expresses it,

“The soul, in converse with its God, is  
Heaven.”

—I have done, and you may add this to the other Essays of an unfortunate Indian Lady, if my incoherences may be allowed that title. And I have done in time, for there is notice given me of a sail from England.—

England.—Thank Heaven! I shall soon hear of my friends.—I am going upon deck to watch the arrival of the propitious vessel which brings me tidings of those I love.

*Monday.*

EXISTENCE and disappointment are synonymous terms;—they mean the same thing.—Do not wonder at my impatience; the English vessel which arrived last night has brought no tidings of you.—I cannot doubt my friends;—but having so weak a phalanx to support my happiness, every thing intrudes unmolested, as it were, upon my peace.—By turns  
I have

I have suspected every-thing and every-body : even you have not escaped ; and at the very moment, perhaps, when you were meditating some action of kindness to me, I was basely arraigning you of insincerity, of forgetfulness, of unkindness. — You see I hide nothing from you ; tho' I am almost persuaded that it is a real imprudence not to disguise sentiments which are a disgrace to myself, and can afford you no pleasure in the information : — but I wish to establish in your mind a positive and unchangeable opinion of my sincerity. — To effect this desirable purpose, it is necessary to give proofs that I deserve such a favourable idea of me. When, therefore, I expose



I expose my weaknesses to your inspection, especially as I have now done it, there cannot remain a doubt in your breast that I ever deceive you, or practise even the most trifling fallacy when I am writing to you.—Believe me I do not, when I tell you how much I am disappointed and dissatisfied at not hearing from you by this ship; though I am not informed whether she could have brought any letters or not. Besides, several others are daily expected; and why should I not wait their arrival before I suffer any gloomy doubts or apprehensions to depress my spirits?—Alas! alas! it is because I am a child, and suffer every idle fancy to frighten and distress me.

me.—Reason is against me;—fact,  
I trust, and verily believe, is not for  
me:—why, then, should I doubt a  
moment?—Oh! 'tis inexcuseable  
folly—It is indeed!—But you are  
good, my Bramin, and will forgive  
the follies of

Your ELIZA.

*Wednesday.*

YOUR letters are now before me!  
They are wet with the tears of joy:  
I cannot answer them. What shall I  
write?—Your goodness oppresses  
me; and my heart swells with obli-  
gation and gratitude. The desire I  
have of expressing my feelings is so  
great,

great, that it consumes itself and proves abortive. If my tears could mark the paper, I would write with them; and they could only tell you that the sensations you wished your journal should excite in me were realized in my very soul. I cannot reward you; but Heaven, which inspired the deed of pity, will give you a recompence.

O my friend! my counsellor! my father! soon the same quarter of the globe will not contain us!—nay, in a few weeks, if you had the wings of an eagle, you would not find me in this hemisphere. I go to the most distant parts of the world, and, in the other extremity of it,  
gracious

gracious Heavens!—I leave my children.

This is a string of misery which I have not touched before. Hitherto I have endeavoured to turn from it; for anguish, bitter anguish, is in its sound:—such intolerable thoughts accompany it,—that, were they to be indulged, I know not whither they would hurry me; they might plunge me into the waves, and there bury Eliza and her distractions together.

Wilt thou not, Yorick! oftentimes visit my children?—Oh, tell them of their unfortunate mother!—Teach them to love and cherish the remembrance of her!—Make them weep and

and lament her absence; and, holding up their little hands to Heaven, pray for her return!—The prayers of innocence may reach the throne of mercy, and prevail.

Gracious Heaven, protect and preserve them! Give thine angels an especial charge over their tender years! Cherish their growing virtues! Raise them up friends; for their friend is far from them!—Be a father unto them, for they are as orphans, and know not their father!—He is on a distant shore, and their banished mother cannot embrace them—And, if it is decreed by thy providence that they shall not see me again, grant, in thy mercy, that I may have the  
gracious



gracious assurance of meeting them in another world, where the pangs of separation will afflict no more !

To the benign protection of Heaven I leave their defenceless innocence; and may the God of Heaven reward those with its choicest blessings, who, from the impulse of a tender pity, or for the love they bear their wretched mother, stretch forth their hands to cherish and defend them !

In the beginning of this page, joy, a sudden thoughtless joy, had unlocked every fountain of my tears; and now a thirsty sorrow drinks them dry. Oh that they were——

THE END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.